UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY, 15 1843. WHOLE NO. 1146.

Original Poetry.

TRANSLATED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST ON A BEAUTIFUL

IMAGE OF A SLEEPING GIRL.

BY THE SCULPTOR LYDDY*S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY BY JOHN C. MAGEE.

Prometheus Artist, matchless shill,
Thou moulds the marble to thy will—
Each gleam, some holiday grace revealing;
So faultless is the lovely form,
Of her which the life-stream runs and warms,
In silent waves seems softly stealing!
Here tranquilly those eyelids close
In all the languor of repose!
So balmy, and so beauty breathing!
To life the semblance so we view,
We pause, upon a second view,
To see the snowy bosom heaving
Could secret thoughts of cherish'd love,
The quiet of that bosom move,
The rustling by both not confined!
Breathe in her ear the sure lov'd name,
Would not the flush of sensive shame
And conscious blushes tell the same?
We hear hushed with many surprise,
What dangers of the underlying
Whose fatal spells in hours of waking,
Are rock'd not of the charmers sleep,
Nor dream of those who watch and weep—
How many hearts despair is breaking.

The foregoing has been attributed to Cowpercon from a fancied resemblance (perhaps in the Cupid on a Statue of Cupid unmasked. To me it appears to be conceived much more in the manner of Anacreon. Nor has been on a beautiful girl.

In the last stanza there is a fanciful association of incongruous images, which as expressed in the original would have wrung a smile from old Diogenes himself.

The following is nearly literal

The thoughts unbidden will arise
Of bloody woe, and beauty's eyes.
Whose cruel deeds in hours of waking
They wreck not of, can soundly sleep,
Nor dream, of those who suffering weep
How many hearts despair is breaking.

* The ancient Phrenologists were ignorant of the circulation of the blood, but supposed that it was subject to the influence of the heart, which is the seat of the soul of the vitals. In accordance with such a theory the words have been used in a very happy sense.

Original Tales.

OLD VIRGINIA.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY BRYAN WHITE.

Every previous arrangement being now complete, the carriage was drawn up to the lawn gate—and the lady being safely deposited therein. Black Billy mounted the high seat of the box of the carriage, as it swung on its easy and old-fashioned springs, and the four horses, sensible of the value and dignity of their charge, moved off with the solid and gentle ease of the experienced Whip who guided their destinies. The Equestrians followed, accompanied by Miss Clarissa, on each side of the carriage, and madame of pleasing her want, our heroine paced along rarely as fell to her companions, and merely a manner-place conversation seemed to prove a doubtful means—

"Le Dieu sous a donne in League pour cacher la

[illegible]

to the maximum, at Culpepper Hall, there had been already a sleepless night for the mistress, and at least as much more deeply agitated with the waiting of Clarissa—the cool hours of the night before, and the sleepless hours throughout the succeeding day—a sudden—have an instinctive talent for the secrets of the human heart, where the affairs of Love or Hate are concerned, by her conversation on the subject of Clarissa's establishment. Accustomed in her matrimonial confidences to make her projects in every variety of shape and accident in which they could possibly present themselves, though it had never presented itself before—that she had now the bright intensity of train—each upon her confidential imagination, that Arthur did indeed love Clarissa, and that they had both much to contend with from her with a dismantling and consummate art, which letally collapsed, surprised and blinded all her early experience, her knowledge of the world, and the most refined suggestions and maxims of Rochefoucault, La Bruyere or Chesterfield.

"Arthur—he would certainly be killed in the duel—and in perfect contrariety to all political experience and wisdom and foreknowledge, she had made her arrangements for the night before, and awoke to encounter the confident of the night before, and awoke to find herself dishonored and in his power, and that power he had not failed to exercise. Yes, he had in Culpepper's cane business was in fine—neither more nor less—than an elopement. An elopement under such circumstances, would indeed be a fatal step for her imprudence, and completed by her own impolitic act. This was not all; though her certitude and suspicions were confirmed—though she knew that Arthur was secretly approaching to handsome to her child, yet she was ordered her mother's pet, darling, idol and hope. When her disappointed ambition and most fond vanity were forgiven in the overwhelming idea that she had lost Clarissa—that her daughter was gone—no mother's heart could withstand it, and her violence of ambition vanished and dissipated at once in the overwhelming sense of her misfortune, while she noticed no unusual appearances in the drawings, books, dress or furniture there, she rushed to the apartment of Clarissa, and finding that her trunks packed and strapped as if for a journey, sat on the table a letter coverlid addressed to herself, she hastily seized it and read these words to her—

Madam—You will, I know, readily excuse my abrupt departure from your house, when you learn the motives, when you learn that circumstances of an extraordinary nature which have just occurred render it necessary to proceed to Richmond by the earliest train immediately.

Your most devoted friend and servant,

ARTHUR SEDLEY.

Unable longer to control her feelings she burst out in exclamations—

"The little gipsy! she has told him all, imperious circumstances, that must be—that is—that shall be—that will be—that I will not be—that I will not be controlled—by her—by her—by her—that she just overheard, nothing else could possibly have put—could not have—seem midnight and morning, and it is only her—that she has—that she has—that she has—that she has gone off together! call Billy, call Ware, saddle Henry Clay, get up the carriage—where can Billy be, and Ware, and Madison, cold blooded villains! they are my mother too. Let us all go to the railroad. Billy, Billy, where and what is this railroad?" By this time Billy had arrived in the hall, and after receiving another reprimand, and very coolly answered that

"He reckoned he understood it, but that he reckoned he would take an hour at least to get the horses in the saddle double himself, madam, spoke fine all the time—and that he had a letter coverlid addressed to himself, which he hereby seized it and read these words to her—

"Never having studied chemistry or conclusions farther than the harp, or piano, and thinking it altogether unnecessary to learn the art of love, which the lady had indeed heard of railroads—with so much complacency as she had heard the moon spoken of by the ambassador—and who had entered into her cradle on their travels, and though one had just been intimated in her vicinity, she had not seen it much less was it explained, and Billy's philosophic description of the phenomenon did not at all tend to elucidate the subject or simplify it to her comprehension. She therefore concluded that the machinery which had her own were either emblazoned or imprinted by the owner of the mansion, and that the gentleman was approaching over the widely expanded lawn the carriage of the lady of Ashton Park.

This was indeed the case, and Lady Culpepper flew to the portico and exclaimed,

"Nayer, never before, dear cousin, were you more welcome than at this moment—and no cousin ever had more and advice in both welcome and necessary. We are all ruined and embarrassed, and I have not a friend on earth to confide in but you."

"Why what, my dearest cou, is the matter, what can be the matter here? I presumed all the difficulty was at your house—and I hasted here to speak with you as a relative about our dear little Clarissa, I fear the child is in love."

"The very thing dear cousin—I am overpowered, overwhelmed with curiosity, you fear—I see you have not heard—you have not seen—you have not—you have no long supported me—no disappoint. I am weary of life, I have nothing left to live for; with her fortune—with her beauty—with her graces, and hearted she had ridden out very early in the morning, attended by one favorite servant.

"Did not leave no cottage?"

"None, madam."

"How could she be guilty of such gross impudence! In what direction did she ride? Where could she be gone? How can she be so thoughtless! and Arthur too, to be forgotten, so unlucky, perhaps, with his locks—or a walk this morning! See if her is yet in her apartment and will take his breakfast there."

Her orders were instantly obeyed, but the messenger had returned, another servant had informed his mistress of his very early departure in the morning. The unexpected consequence instantly alarmed her. It could not, she thought, be satisfactory, the ruling out must be premeditated. "No" became only early—an unusual in both altogether." No, wellstanding she she had arranged her every thought, word and action with the same premeditated care with which she had placed every part of her dress and every single of her hair—her temper she could preserve in the danger of being discomposed. She was aware that her little daughter — apparently thoughtless and artless—and ignorant as well as careless, to a fault, of the ways of the world, had, nevertheless frequently, by a prompt, rapid and unexpected movement, as of entirely unlooked, overthrown some of her very best and most thoughtfully appointed plans, that she sometimes doubted the whole series of circumstantial evidence of propriety arising from her youth, expression of countenance and child-like sincerity of manner—but she felt convinced, after every doubt, and the passenger of a minute, was natural, far exceeded the abilities of the most transcendent genius which the Courts of France, Spain or Italy ever fabled or produced. But this calm, sustained by both parties, immediately after the conference the night before, so late that Clarissa could not possibly have had any private communication—that of mercantile magic, staggered all her previous considerations. It created at once all the agonies of the night previous, which she dreaded would be her lot to undergo. It wrought up the spirit of suspicion and watchfulness to a fiery height. She saw herself, with all her talent utterly overthrown and mastered by a child

"

tion of the drinking vessel, when it suddenly vanished, as if entangled with some effervescing fruit, and the glass was restored into fragments. It was a precise glass of great purity, and I shuddered as I remembered the peculiar voice which in former times had been set upon that instrument, when purity could not bear the touch of poison. But, as the wild thought coursed through my brain, Sir Walter uttered a short exclamation which stood over, and called for wine. The master dash-boarded servant stood behind him, and the cup was filled to the brim. Sir Walter raised it, but ere it touched his lips, a spell seemed to have fallen upon him. His hand was suspended, while his gaze was fixed fearfully upon vacancy. It seemed as if unseasoned by some frightful vision, and from the goblet violently to the ground, and rushed from the apartment.

The wine was poisoned. The cup which had lost at his master's feet and hopped it as it ran along the floor, died the next morning. It was dragged with a slow but deadly agony.

Years afterwards, when I was admitted to the confidence of Sir Walter, (who, by a life of virtue, afterwards amply atoned for the errors of his youth,) I learned from his own lips the tale of that strange visitation. Often, in his hours of revelry, ere the last, entwining cup was quaffed, a hideous specter's hand, soft and delicate, would be laid on his wrist in strong and gentle clasp, holding back the draught from his half lips. Sometimes the dewy fingers touched his brow, and stroked the fevered brain, till emotion could assert her sway. The effect had ever been salutary, yet exquisitely painful to that youth. I had enjoyed the inspiriting fury of mad passion, and to forgone, the touch of that invisible hand was to him less than his cold corpse. He felt himself watched over by some monitor spirit, and so soon as he fully baited and yielded himself to the gentle intimations of guardian-fay, the temptations that assailed him, lost their baleful power. On the evening when he sought to pledge his companion in the poisoned draught, that shadowy hand had grasped his with a burning clasp that made his friend look on the shrinking victim. He felt the quivering of the flesh, beneath the touch of those slender fingers, and, as he told the tale, he bared his wrist, and I beheld the impression of those fingers, branded as if by a hot iron into the living flesh. Until his dying day, Sir Walter bore that seal of a spirit's mission.

"To whom do you suppose that hand belonged?" asked one of the company.

Did I not say that the Lady Lucy died without perceiving forth the strong certainly love which was bestowed within her breast? She had come into the earth in spirit—she had come to check the impulses of evil in the bosom of her child—to nerve him from the poverty which could have crushed his soul principled to madness—and, finally, to save him from the death-bed. Until his dying day, Sir Walter bore that seal of a spirit's mission.

"To whom do you suppose that hand belonged?" asked one of the company.

"Did I not say that the Lady Lucy died without perceiving forth the strong certainly love which was bestowed within her breast? She had come into the earth in spirit—she had come to check the impulses of evil in the bosom of her child—to nerve him from the poverty which could have crushed his soul principled to madness—and, finally, to save him from the death-bed. To matter of fact, this for the guardian of his world, would have sent him to an early grave with all his one evil heart on his head. It was the mother's hand, and it fulfilled the mother's mission.

NOTE.—In Aubrey's collection of Parnestic Prodigies, a very amusing old book, unrichlenishing Fellow, is a contemporary account of it; may be seen the original manuscript of the incident; on which the foregoing tale is founded.

Agricultural.

HILLING CORN.

Farmers all know that about the time when the ears begin to set, hoes roots about out from the stalk just above the surface of the ground. These roots aid and strengthen as the ear increases in size. They fit themselves to sustain the burden they are to bear. Now if you scrape up five or six inches around the bottom of the stalk, thus the lower roots put out so many inches from the bottom, and the part of the stalk between the brace roots and the other roots, (those that form when the ears begin to grow, and which are the mouths through which it takes in its food) that part of the stalk being buried in the earth becomes brittle, so that if the brace roots lose their hold when the winds are high, the stalk will snap just at the surface of the ground. When this has happened, no grease of nature or art will repair the harm. Now the brace roots are more liable to lose their hold when they fit and grow on the corn comparatively dry and loose earth on the top of a high mound hill, than when they take hold of the mature and firmer earth on a level surface, where no hill has been made. The roots themselves will do more towards supporting the corn in the latter case than in the former. And though it may be true that the part of the stalk below these, does, when surrounded by earth, help to prop the corn; yet through this help is effected, the ability of the corn is lessened; and if the roots fail, the corn breaks and is ruined, or nearly so. But where there is no hill, if the roots be kept free, a stalk at the very bottom, there is no breaking; the effect is no squeezing on one side; the roots on the other side retain their place and continue to have their nourishment into the stalk, which through

"cast down is not destroyed"—not broken—and in the situation the lowermost brace roots, nourished through those footing roots that are unmoved, find a way to get back into their former position, and get the sunk erect, to an extent that has other circumstances wonder and when an experiment of fair actual observation, could have proved to us. Led by accounts on this point, we steeled through the corn fields, on as many as ten different farms, in the vicinity of Boston, subsequent to the time at which hoes down till the roots, and when we arrived at the corn with every grade of leaning, from the high hill to the flat corn were satisfied that there was no advantage in any raising of the earth around the roots. Though where the surface was flat, the roots of the corn on the field was in a more horizontal position, yet none of it was broken and much fewer of the ears and stalks rested on the ground. Though all the stalks must be towards the ground, and an observer at a distance would think them in a bad position; yet upon passing through the field he would find these held up by the roots from going quite down, and that in their oblique position they were rather well. Our crop that year was more than eighty bushels to the acre. (See transactions of Essex Agricultural Society, 1839. Daniel Putnam's statement.) The result of all our observations is, that, excepting where you wish to hasten maturity for the crop at the expense of the size, which is often desirable in cold locations, there is no advantage whatever in raising of any hill, if the manure, (as it should be) has all been spread. Where manure has been put in the hill, of course earth enough must be hoed on to keep it from drying up. The foregoing remarks are in part the reasons for our advice to farmers that they avoid hilling their corn. Put the surface of the ground with the hoe as many times as you please—the more the better—but do not make a hill.—New England Farmer.

POINTS OF HORNED CATTLE.

1. Head erect, with a bright and prominent eye.
2. Horns small and tapering.
3. Neck small at the junction with the head, and gradually thickening to the shoulders.
4. Brisket broad, deep, and projecting well forward.
5. Shoulders full, and no hollow behind them.
6. Body deep, round, and capacious, but not gross.
7. Loins broad, and wide between the hips.
8. Legs short, full, and muscular above the knee; small below.
9. Flanks well let down.
10. Full on every side with the line of the back; small and tapering to the end.
11. Round in the ribs, and if a cow, large milk veins, and capacious udder.
12. Tail fine, with a good tuft, soft silky hair, thin skin, and good handling of the flesh.

THE HORSE FLY.—A writer in the Baltimore American Farmer says—I submit these the opinion where I have ascertained for several years, and which has been corroborated by every year's observation, that the insect called the Horse Fly does not proceed from the egg of any fly insect, but is the natural product of the grass; as much so as the root, and the stalk and the blade are.

The opinion of science holds, that organized animalculæ are produced in nutrious with vegetable matter, from one and the same existence—that by the heat of nature the one is so blended that one is not produced without the other. That the fly is produced in the same degree, and are raised in their progression by the additional warmth, weather and rain.

TO HEAL WOUNDS IN TREES.—The following compositions is recommended by an old farmer, for healing wounds in trees: Take one pound of pitch, three ounces, and of common resin half a pound, one ounce, and melt them till it becomes liquid like beeswax. Lay this compound hot (with a tool provided for the purpose) thickness of a half over the wounded place, after carefully paring away the rough edge.

☞ The Germantown Telegraph, says that the farmers in that vicinity have commenced cutting grain on Saturday last. Both wheat and rye are ready for the sickle, and the crop will be both a large and fine one.

Items of News.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER THE SUPERINTENDENT AT SUNBURY ALMSHOUSE.—On the night of Sept. the 7th inst., one of the inmates of the Poor House in Sunbury, named Wm. Kinney, having had liberty to come over to the city, supposed for the purpose of getting his intemperate, and when he returned he seized a shoe knife, and attempted to murder Mr. Isaac Rogers, and succeeded several wounds upon the thigh. With much effort, he was taken from him. Kinney is a man 65 years of age, and of short ungovernable temper.

LOCK JAW.—We learn from the Baltimore Patriot, that Mr. James Irons, a member of the Union Fire Company in that city, died last week from lock-jaw. It proceeded from his having run an old rusty nail through his foot, some days before. He engaged in preparing the foundations for a new engine house, about to be built by the Union Fire Company.

☞ The Academy at Princeton, on the Reisterstown Road, about eight miles from Baltimore, was consumed by fire on Tuesday morning last. Loss, over $20000. The scholars were at breakfast at the time, and saved nothing but the clothes they had on.

☞ An eel was caught in a net by Ward & Co., in Connecticut river, near the Ferry, Upper Middletown, a few days since, weighing 7¼ lbs., circumference 9 inches, length 4½ feet.

☞ Lumber Also is about blossoming in New Orleans. It stands thirty feet high, and is said to contain five thousand blossoms.

☞ A large building, owned by Joshua Pancoast, on a wharf in Baltimore, was burnt on the 30th ult. Loss about $10,000—no insurance.

United States
SATURDAY POST.
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.
Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, July 15, 1843.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all our subscribers should be settled up to the 1st of July as possible. With our friends who are in arrears, could their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been lenient in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $5, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "THE FALSE HEIR, gratis.

For $6, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Miss Bremer's novel, "THE TWO SISTERS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Judy's Weekly.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Judy's Weekly.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The decease of Hon. John Holmes, and of Washington Allston, were announced very unexpectedly to all over their immediate friends and acquaintances, and in the case of Allston, his personal friends over the whole country. Mr. Holmes was about 60 years of age, and had arrived at the age when death, on an day should take men by surprise. The young may die—the old must. Mr. Holmes' life was a long one, filled with more years and less—the other was but a few years behind. Another antagonistian widely known in New England as the one who paid the debts of a noble old age—Prof. Abbott, formerly of Andover. It is but little time since the remains of the veteran Dr. Porter were laid in the cold earth. The death of a man of more distinguished in the walks of literature and statesmanship, and in the annals of patriotism, other country records every week are full. It would seem that the last links are about to be severed which connected this nation with those who moved in the glorious days of our country—while yet patriotism in bad not been appealed as a theme fit only for declamation and display, but was called upon in such situations as to ensure the gravity of the hearer, and escape the imputation of irony. They have gone, and the whole nation mourns for them as every hand—may the memory of their virtues improve those who venerate them—the history of their lives be made familiar to every generation—and the fame they have won for that ambition which in these struggle days would seem to have become extinct.

In general news, there are very few topics of comment. Americans are defending their States here, and Europeans are fighting their battles, and office-holders and expectants are as busily defending their political fortunes as politicians in other countries, and office-holders and expectants are as busily defending their political fortunes as politicians in other countries, and the fame they have won for that ambition which in these struggle days would seem to have become extinct.

In general news, there are very few topics of comment. Americans are defending their States here, and Europeans are fighting their battles

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION &c.

Subscription price ... per annum, $1.50 in advance for six months.

Communications on business of the Post must be addressed to the Publisher, post paid.

Letters containing remittances will be at the risk of the Publisher if not registered.

Agents are constantly authorized to make quick remittances, either which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give their name and post office.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in a registered letter, shall be entitled to seven copies.

Remember, must always state the Post office county and State to which they wish the paper to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements. Now will receipts from any of them be taken except by

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Nursery Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, assisted by Messrs. Mosher, Bell & Finch. *O. H. Cummings, J. F. Hemphreys and J. T. Dent.*

PALMER, M. STICKNEY, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

JAMES M. LEWIS is Agent for Louisville, Kentucky.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for or in the South and South-Western States, assisted by *James E. Whipple, Wm. H. Wood, O. H. P. Dean, and Henry Pratt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, address for or in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New England.

WM. F. GRIFFIN acts as Agent in Missouri, Illinois and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may now be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

HANNAH MORE.—Perhaps there is no female writer who has done more for the elevation of her sex, and of her species, than Hannah More; and there certainly is none whose writings are more entertaining more good influence. They do not appear to say single thing in society, but to all grades and conditions; and they are not compounded of that nonsense about to the exclusion of others, but are the delight of all capacities of intellect, and all situations in life. Her Happiest Home just commenced in a new edition of the present popular serial form. The two large volumes will embrace all her works that is published with a portrait and a memoir of the Piper. While there works as she are presented in a cheap, yet neat form, we feel as if we could almost urge the reader to improve the opportunity of possessing himself of volumes, for which his children will bless his memory, and for which Messrs. Turner & Co., Perkins & Purves, and W. H. Graham have the work.

CHURCH PSALMODY.—We have received from Messrs. Lohr & Duffee, of Richmond, Church Psalmody, or Psalms and Hymns for the Public, Social, and Private Use of Evangelical Christians." This compilation which was recommended by the late General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; and Clergymen and others will find these copies for examination with a view to the introduction into services, may have them upon application.

From the same publishers we have the Social Harp, a collection of Sacred Music for social and private use. Both works appear to deserve all that has been said of them, and the larger in particular is one of the best selections in the language.

THIRTY YEARS FROM HOME, or *a Voice from the Main Deck. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is an extraordinary but interesting narrative of the career of Samuel Leech, a sailor whose life has crowded adventure to the utmost extent of human endurance. It is well written and the incidents are of the most thrilling character. The work has been taken by Americans in a British ship, and was rescued and altogether of the work is one of great interest.

HARPER'S DICTIONARY.—No. IX. of this work has been received by Zeuber and by Perkins & Purves. It is one advantage which such a work possesses over a mere vocabulary that what may be omitted through the demand increases, and there is a constant and increasing demand for the first numbers, both of Brande and Alison. Nat'ellcott's Dictionary was also very successful, as it is a work which no one can ever be without desiring to possess it.

☞ The Louisville Journal, states that Robert Carlton, Esq., author of the "New Purchase," recently published by the Appletons' and received with much admiration here by the public, is the author of *Ephemeron* of Rev. Rayford R. Hall, one of the oldest and most popular preachers in Indiana.

THE PEOPLE OF LOWELL.—Mr. H. Graham has sent us The Poetry of Life, by Mrs. Ellis, one of the best, if not the best of her works. It is printed uniform with the other volumes of her last edition, and the same publisher has McCulloch, Alison, Brande, and the other esteemed serials.

PICTORIAL WORKS.—We have received from E. H. Butler the fourth number of Pictorial Illustrations of the United States, and the third of the Book of the Commodores, notice of which we are compelled to defer, further than to say that they support their character.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.—Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have sent us the seventh part of Murray's great geographical work. It will be completed in twenty-four numbers, making three large volumes.

SOCIAL RELATIONS.—We have received from Zieber & Co., published in clump form, a work by Thomas Addis Emmet, by Dr. E. R. Madden, author of The United Irishmen.

LUCRETIA: *Or, the Bag of Gold*, is the title of a dramatic sketch, by a gentleman of Philadelphia; founded on a story in Rogers' Italy. We have not found time to examine.

THE WIDOW WITCH has been published by Lea & Blanchard, in continuation of their cheap re-issue of Cooper's Works. It is one of the most interesting of his fine Stories.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS.—Zieber's cheap edition of the Waverly Novels is now complete, Castle Dangerous, No. 25 and last having made its appearance.

General News.

A BAD TRICK.—Messrs. Beecher & Johnson, forwarders, of Buffalo, recently shipped a load of flour for Albany on board a steam-boat. The captain, instead of bringing the flour to Albany, took the purse of it on his own account, and by the time he arrived at Utica, he had disposed of his whole load and pocketed the proceeds. The flour was worth over $2000. Not satisfied with this, he ran his boat (which did not belong to him) up the Chenango canal, and, it is said, received $500 more for the flour he has absconded. Officers have been despatched after him, but he has not yet been arrested.

A HIGH FLIGHT.—Col. Wm. Kendall (of Intelligencer says there is "a large fellow" in Newton county, Missouri, who keeps a distillery which manufactures a thousand gallons of whiskey per week; the extensive flouring mill grows ten thousand bushels of corn each year; raises Berkshire pigs and Durham cattle in buildings at night to keep them from when good turpsine offer; in winding up an old mercantile concern; besides taking care of a wife and six comfortable children, he has married into four natural labor himself, but the way he keeps strikers in a state is worth looking at.

FIRST VALEDICTORY.—Introduction to American Farmers' Illustrated.—Captain Pond, who came passenger in the Globe, which arrived on Monday, at Boston, from Valparaiso, April 21, brings news that Mr. Pendleton, American Minister at Chili, had obtained indemnity of the government to the amount of $300 000 for the claims against Chili, as property the steamer, &c. The first instalment is already on its way to the United States. Mr. Bow, the newly appointed Consul at Valparaiso, had not arrived when the Globe left.

A WILLING CLERK.—Dr. U. W. Appleton, the fellow who has been causing about as a Temperance lecturer, &c., marrying a dozen women and abandoning them, has been arrested at Lancaster, Pa., and placed in the jail of the county, as a fugitive from justice, from Bordentown, New Jersey.

Since the above was in type, we perceive that he has been released—no one taking the trouble to prosecute against him.

MIAMI CANAL.—The contract for completing the Miami Canal has been completed. Proposals were received from upwards of one hundred and fifty persons, for the most part making for portions of the work, but some responsible companies made bids for the entire line. Messrs. Taylor, Faust & Avery, of Greenville, Darke county, were the successful competitors, and they have engaged to perform the whole work—to canal and reservoir—for the sum of $232,000, which is $45,000 below the State appropriation.

A MYSTERY.—The Gazette, at Urbana, Ohio, says: "On Wednesday night, 20th ult., between 8 and 9 o'clock, an unusually large and very brilliant meteor fell a little east of the north, and disappeared behind the clouds in the north-east. Two persons observed it at exactly the same moment, but from different points. Other than the above we have not been able to learn that it was seen by any person. What is the cause, whether it is the atmosphere or old age, any notes are so strong as ever they were—but my knees give out."

A PAPER.—The Bangor Democrat states that about sixty dozen of rags in English gaiters, were found in the river at Oldtown, last week. Part of a dam having been carried away left the rags here, on which the entire mass floated. Also by the name of Grant, first picked up a few pieces supposing them to be copper, and when they were ascertained to be gaiters, he gave them away and seemed to his patents. The money is said to have been lost by an English soldier some years ago.

A VALUABLE DOG.—Francis A. Ball, of New London, Conn., fell into the Thames the other day, and, being unable to swim, would have been drowned but for his dog Newfoundland, he got

Gems from the Poets.

TOWN AND COUNTRY CHILD.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Child of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Here by the lily, where the dew
Lies ushered when the day is new—
Fal 'nal the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to exist amid the trees,
Lull'd in the lowest in the glad song
Which wakes with morn the linnet's throat!
Long of time—be mine to count
Thy years, and see no summer thing!

Child of the town! for care ('nigh)
A pallor early dyes thy cheek,
A serpent-worm is at the root
Of every flower around thy feet,
And every sense the bondman read,
Thy reading desert's the clearing tramp
Of workmen, thy best light's a lamp,
Through smoke and soot through thee must wane
And blooming trees thy sadness shame;
I sing of thee in sadness—for
Him in worth wrought to ought—I sing.

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on accustomed red and sweet;
With thee I wander freely, while he had
The flowers which most delight me, but
Thy home is where the daisies grow
In April, while she turned her young;
The ivy beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She heard her cousin the common bird;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blossoms,
Where brown bees hold their hasty cells;
The greenward stream, the shady pool,
Where young lambs first do play,
Hawk'd clamorous all the city round;
Nor roses tenderer on the cheek
Perfume thee in thy evening walk,
Than where the sun his last smile leaves
The accepted dew of eave and dream,
And startling eyes, such as are rife
With love and wonder, meet thine own.

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn;
Thy locks are like the tassell'd wheat
The first time on the wind we meet,
Bright as the sea when from the cloud
Its course no cataract can arrest;
Now, rousing, shouting, and anon soon,
Now grouping round in bevies of noon,
Now spanning like a well-wheel round,
Now listening as the cuckoo's sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree,
For climbing sake. The scene is then
To eye whose bright eye sat alone.
To share with man the innocent throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy rooms are lofty and their walls
Are fragrant; yet in you thick smoke
Which rises from the early morning cloak:
And then art robed of cold confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;
Or see thy shining feet be wet
By laughter'd walks of slippery stone;
The couchman there cursing each one
With goaded mouth and maddening wheels;
And O remember poors most of all
Is pall'd pursuit and hollow toil.
Thy life is passed in chase of gain at play,
Men rush from darkness into day,
The season's too strong for thy small limb;
There nought is real, and where is much
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is scarcely seen in such throng,
And where is health, there sickness flies.
Or every hurt on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's forgiver sad.
To hope, and holiness, and God.

Scenes in India.

EAST INDIAN SCENES.

Too Near to be Pleasant.

The Bandicoots may justly be styled the wilderness of India. No human land has ever endeavored to recover the jungle-covered land from its primitive wildness. Overgrown with closely tangled brushwood, its swampy soil is reckoned so unhealthy, that few wanderers, however poor, have as yet been found hardy enough to settle here. Through this district, however, the military officer is sometimes compelled to pass in order to head quarters of his regiment. Such was the fate of Arthur Mortarish, who related to me the following adventure, which there befell him.

Mar. having grown dreadfully weary of his long confinement in the hot little fort in which he was slowly voyaging through the Bandicoots, determined on leading near the first spot which should present to his eye the agreeable view of a human habitation. Aware that the whole country around him was swarming with ferocious wild animals, he wisely refrained from going on shore on many of the beautiful but solitary spots by which he passed. At length he came to a little knot of Indian hovels, which stood some half a mile from the banks. Arthur here desired his boat steady (boatman) to anchor (the act of fastening the boat to the shore,) and instantly shouldering his Manton, started for the native village. On his approaching being perceived, a couple of Indians, dressed of every strip of clothes except their small longcoats (the very smallest rag which decency requires,) hastened to meet him, and warm him of the many piratical animal lurk. From these men he learnt that there only occupations was that of digging holes, considering himself grown about eight feet deep, which they covered with small branches of trees and brushwood. By these means they contrived the wild animals, who unconscious of the toy they fell artfully set, would often tread on the seeming firm ground, and in the next instant find themselves prisoners at the mercy of their captors, who instantly despatched them, adding the skins of some, and claiming from the authorities the prize set upon every tiger's head. Of these animals they had captured alone twenty during the preceding twelvemonths. Two of their party, it is true, had been destroyed by these ferocious beasts; but as the natives considered that at least two their number (proscribed and fate,) they appeared little affected by the circumstance. It was now late in the day to observing them to go and fetch his sleeping mats, he determined on remaining in one of these huts for the night, so they promised him, in this case, that at break of day they would point out some splendid sport to him. To others what they declined, he would willingly have given a dollar each, but he unknowingly accepted their offer, and determined on passing the night there.

After partaking of some rice and ghee, having secured his gun, (our barrel of which he always charged with ball, the other with shot,) and wrapped himself in the stinking apparatus for the following morning's (his platoon sleeping mats) he threw himself down to rest, this is half the sport,) he had intended to read, taking, however, to bar the door as well as he could, for he rather disliked the manner of one of the villagers, and scarcely began to repent that he had thus left himself so completely in their power. But sunrise, when he now regretted not having brought with him, were full half a mile off. The natives around him were strong, athletic men, accustomed to struggle with wild beasts, and could not be anxious in their assistance, as the animals were in the habit of hunting. At liberty to change from spot to spot, confined in the bottoms of the Bandicoots to the most diligent search, to profoundly misanthropic thinking little of the sacrifice of life, why should they have time fail on him not consider him? He had foolishly displayed his purse to them with friends, and had wasted the good cause of his gun, no object to them more precious than gold itself. What could he possess that could be an insensitive measure of all these? Nothing. He felt this, and retreated in his mind into a light, uneasy slumber.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened by hearing every sense concerning it suggested home close to the little window of the hut, which was ill-blocked up by a cracker into a blind or shutter made of dry grass. Mortarish carefully crept towards it, and to his utter consternation beheld there explain their blood-thirsty intentions.

"Have you understanded a strange voice, "is it sense you got him in?"

"Just before nightfall."

"Have you some fastened, to ascertain if he is stirring?"

"I have, and suspected he is fast asleep."

"Then this is the best time to fall on him. But be you sure he is the villager, and never go precipitately to work. How do you propose to attack him?"

"I think," replied one of his entertainers, the best way will be to fire at him through the crevices with poisoned arrows."

"But suppose he knocks forth?"

"Oh! then we'll despatch him with our knives."

"Have you got them with you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, then, be quick," said the apparent leader; "be off and fetch them, and we'll get the job over at once as possible. I'll return in five minutes" and Mortarish heard something of a different description.

With a panting heart Mar. listened as their footsteps died away; then seizing his gun, he determined to endeavor to escape, or at least to sell his life as dearly as possible to the spot on, whence the report of his hurrying ceased to be heard by him, he found his budgerow. In another instant he was out of the door, and with the speed of lightning he darted off in the direction of (at least he supposed,) of the place of anchorage, where he was long joined.

The moon was brightly shining as poor Arthur rushed along, heedless of any danger from the wild animals by the inhospitable murderers among whom he had been so strangely fallen.

The cries of the jackal and the fejee, the roar of the larger animals, and the screams of wild birds suddenly disturbed from their roosting-place, intellectual terrors in the scene as Arthur flew along. Presently a sudden sound was perceptible among the jungle. The crackling underwood was heard to pass beneath the pressure of some weighty beast of prey. A savage growl, accompanied with a peculiar cry-like, hissing noise, a pair of flaming eyes, gleaming brightly even through the darkness, at once told the unfortunate fugitive that a tiger was springing after him. Poor Mortarish grew himself up as lost. For about twenty yards he kept ahead of his fearful pursuer. Another bound, however, would place him in his power—he had no time even to offer up a prayer. He gave one shriek, in despairing agony, and as he did so, he felt a violent shock; bright sparks of fire appeared to flash before his eyes; every joint seemed dislocated. Arthur had fallen into one of the pitfalls, over which, as he fell, the tiger leaped safely.

Relieved for the moment of his fears, Mortarish soon endeavored to look up. By the light of the moon, which shone brightly, he perceived that he had fallen down at the edge of the pit, watching with savage wakefulness the wretched being, he evidently seemed to think now within his power. His glaring eyes were steadily fixed on his victim, who overcome by terror, was unable to put out of the reach of the monster's destructive paw.

As Mortarish's delight began to get accustomed to the place, he perceived, to his horror, a long black snake attempting to crawl up the sides. Failed in this, the serpent seemed to hesitate whether he would venture his dexterity, or to escape it there upon the trefoler, who now sat trembling before him. At last it seemed to determine on the latter. For it suddenly began to rear itself, and fixing its eyes, which seemed to be of fire, upon poor Mar, prepared to spring. Arthur started up. As he did so, he suddenly felt his flesh torn from his shoulder which he had unthinkingly exposed to the claws of the tiger, by raising himself within reach of his executioner's fate. The animal in its rage and pain had detached the trembler at the edge of the trap. The gate had dropped down, and the tiger was left at the feet of Mortarish, who, bleeding, and in agony, had yet sufficient presence of mind to observe which it was and instantly discharging it, destroyed the serpent as it kept moving almost perpendicular to the final dart. The report seemed to rouse the tiger more furiously than ever, and now almost within reach of Arthur, he sprang down into the trap. Poor Arthur began seriously to consider whether it were not better to defend himself up to the jaws of the animal, than to remain to die a lingering death by starvation in the pit. Meanwhile the beast's despair seemed almost about to drive him to madness. Well he knew that the previous report must probably not long return to its consort. Already the earth began to tremble as it came under the scraping paws of the impatient tiger. Human nature could bear no more, when, almost at the time he was in heard; the savage animal turns over in the agonies of death, unconfined by several poisoned arrows. In another moment poor Mortarish's foes lost and his friends appear, and lift him out of the pit. They discover his gun by the side of the dead. They welcome him and express their delight at saving him. What was their surprise when a conclusion now! The mystery was soon cleared up: as they manifested. Arthur had no sooner fired than explained to him that they had been engaged in destroying a large animal which had fallen into their pit-falls, and about which they were conversing when he overheard them. They were returning from this occupation when they heard the report of his gun, and running to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, had happily succeeded, as I have related, in securing the life and rescuing him in the service in which he has since risen to high rank and honors.

THE CENTIPEDE.

Perhaps the roughest sea that can be conceived is that which rolls in the Bay of Bengal during the rising eight months in every twelve. I more particularly allude to the coast between the Sandheads and a portion so dangerous that every ship is forced to take on board a native pilot, even if he be ignorant of the numerous shoals which surround the entrance to the river, up which lies the route to the port of Calcutta.

The first night which greets the eyes of the wearied voyager, is the labored of danger, a green, freshening spot, a sort of oasis in the desert of waters, striving to enchant the sight of the sailor, who has heard up during several successive months on board a slow sailing Indiaman. Off this island I was frequently cast anchor. The "Dundee Castle" did so some years ago.

Among the other cadets on board the vessel I have mentioned, was one named Jemmy Sealegh. He was always ready to join in a "lark," or an act of cheerful, friendly charity, and best to think any inconvenient for his fellow passengers, and ever ready to pay the most expensive interest on others account. No wonder then, that he was generally liked.

When the "Dundee Castle" had cast her anchor preparatory to sailing, and fairly her clumsy sails, Master Jemmy began to look about him, in order to see how he should amuse himself till she again got under weigh, a period, probably, of twenty-four hours, at least. Every one had his or his cash the history of the unfortunate Munroe, whose head was taken off by the falling of the main-yard, as the ship was first getting under way, so he at once proposed to make up a party to visit the island. Every one agreed to the best as his companions young men of activity and courage. Three, and even four, were packed into the boat, and soon reached their destination.

The island, which had appeared such a lovely spot at a distance, proved on nearer inspection to be little else than a mass of rock, covered with jungle. The very few natives who inhabited it described the place to be the resort of the fiercest beasts of prey, snakes and centipedes, and the air replete with poisonous exhalations. Such a description was a real thing ing prepossessing yet the party were all young men, and were to their great pleasure, determined not to be deterred to leave, in spite of reptiles or disease. Taking care to keep as far from the edge of the water as possible, for fear of the sharks, and occasionally bringing down a squirrel or a bird, till they had collected a sufficient number for their evening meal. Here they sat down, and actually partook of their morning meal, (indeed, they had appeared to have very perilous which the hunter's party had taken up their position,) when they were all at once set at defiance to the wild beasts, calling on the most merciful consideration of their companions to leave their fare.

During the foolish guacamole a sudden roar was heard. Every one started up. The echoes died away, but the roar was not repeated, and the young men were fortunate for the youths that he did not, for, to confess the honest truth, they were all so startled that they would have left the island without any of the game which they had shot. In the scramble poor Jemmy Sealegh was left behind, and fell in for indeed a misfortune. Two of his companions, however, perceiving that he was not with them, and concerned him down to the place where the boat lay waiting for them. There were all safe on board, and under their care poor Sealegh was left lying upon the deck, where he soon fell into a sound sleep, enclosed their results through the island. Unchecked by a single gun from the ship, and almost in the absence of the timid passengers, after a stroll of a couple of hours, returned to the boat, and found poor Jemmy Sealegh. The sailors had quitted the ship shortly after the departure of the shooting party, for companion, however, lay stretched at full length fast asleep under the shade of the bulwarks.

"Hah! on your lives stir not!" cried young Sealegh, who was a few paces in advance of the others. "look at the tiger!"

The party stood aghast, a long black snake had coiled itself round the neck of the youth—that is to say, had thrown its tail round his throat, while the head and breast kept playing about within a few inches of Jemmy's face.

Jemmy was under fast asleep or dead. For a moment the party hesitated in indecision between two opinions. If the snake had been a common one, there was more than probable he had expired on the instant, and the party shortly rushed on board the ship in a deep slumber, from which if they suddenly awoke, he, he would be roused by the report of the fatal gun, which might possibly have not yet been inflicted. Here he was exposed to a more certain if not fatal to death. Presently Sealegh stirred his head. It was now in the direction, which the snake had picked up. The quick pail alarmed the animal. He knew not of what danger he had been the object, however: but the sudden shock so terrified it, that in less than a second it had left the head and breast of the person. The shout the party simultaneously sent up roused Sealegh, who, half awake, sprang to his feet, gave it his sabre, set upright, calling on us for an explanation. This we had not time to give, for with the utmost speed we made for the boat, and in a few minutes were safely on board the ship, darting its forked tongue at the fallen foe. Presently it threw itself forward: its head was in the boat, which the sailor